

## INVASION OF MARYLAND.

Stuart's Rebel Cavalry  
Over the River.

## THEY ARE CLOSELY PURSUED.

Special Dispatch to The N.Y. Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Tuesday, Dec. 30, 1862.

The report that the Rebel cavalry have crossed into Maryland, at or near Edward's Ferry is confirmed. They were followed to Vienna yesterday morning by a force of mounted men under Capt. J. B. Mix of Scott's nine hundred.

To-day the reconnaissance was pushed as far as Frying Pail, near Chantilly, by six companies of the regiment, under Lieut.-Col. Wilkeson. Three Rebel stragglers were taken prisoners yesterday by the 5th New-York Cavalry. Col. Percy Wyndham will take up the pursuit to-morrow.

## Christmas in Camp.

From Our Special Correspondent.

DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS, CAMP NEAR FAIRFAX, VA.— "A merry Christmas!" "A merry Christmas!" Well, we made it as merry as we could, and under the circumstances, we did pretty well. When I say "we," I will, in the utter dearth of news to transmit to you, in my legitimate capacity of one of "Our Special Correspondents," by way of theological variety, drop for the time my Christian faith and become a heathen, and a devout believer in the chameleon doctrine of metempsychosis, adding, however, for my personal convenience, a new article to the ancient faith, making my metamorphosis voluntary—a matter of my own individual will—rather than to have it at the pleasure of those uncertain old chaps, the gods.

This I do, not that I have the slightest doubt that if the gods of my schoolboy days are still in commission they would willingly, in grateful recognition of my early respect and veneration for their Serene Highnesses and Lownesses, Heresses and Sheesses, cheerfully change me into any sort of reputable animal I should designate; still, should my old supernal friends have followed the current fashions, and have forsaken, the new comers might not be so ready to recognize my schoolboy-classe-céleste-reportorial claims. For instance, should old Jupiter have been superseded by Vulcan, (when I always despised for a sulky fellow with a wife too good for him,) I might chance to be transformed into a kangaroo, or a pig, or an owl, or, (awful contemplation for a reporter), into a jackass, for old Jove couldn't help me, instead of merely becoming for the night a common soldier at thirteen dollars a month, payable as often as he can catch the Paymaster.

Therefore, by my newly-invented improvement (patent applied for) on the old heathen mythology (which, by the way, you will observe, isn't mythology at all, but some other fellow's theology), I am enabled to suppose your correspondent transformed into a private soldier, positively for one night.

We don't believe that the patriot matrons of the Revolution hissed and spit at the British soldiers who were quietly marching by them, nor that those of Venetia now do so to the Austrian soldiers. There is a mean cowardice in that sort of presumption upon feminine immunity which no true woman could be guilty of.

Our Washington correspondent telegraphed that Gen. Morgan had resigned his position as Major-General of Volunteers, and added that "it is reported that he has drawn his pay as Major-General for his term of service." This statement is thus civilly and courteously corrected in the last Evening Journal:

"Gen. Morgan tendered his resignation of Major-General on the 2d, to take effect Jan. 1. He has no knowledge that his successor has been designated. He has not drawn one cent of his pay he is entitled to as Major-General. This statement is of the Times' erroneous conception."

—As The Journal uses liberally the telegraphic advices from Washington of this and other City journals, we think it might correct a reporter's mistake more graciously.

A CONSERVATIVE DEFINING CONSERVATISM.—In his address at the Cooper Institute, on Monday evening last, the Rev. Dr. Porter, editor of *The Christian Intelligencer*, said that he had been content to be numbered among those who were styled Conservatives. Now, more than ever before, he wished to be so placed. He wanted to conserve the Bible in its integrity, and be permitted to believe that God made of one blood all the nations of the earth. He wanted to conserve the Government of this country on the basis of the Constitution as it was, before politicians had made it of none effect by their Pro-Slavery traditions. He wanted to conserve the Union not to be a gigantic taskmaster, but a beneficent protector of all within its bounds. He wanted to conserve our institutions, all except—and that must be plucked up by the roots, if the nation intends to live and transmit the blessings of Liberty to future generations. Since traitor lips had insulted the flag of our nationality and traitor hands had fired hostile guns against Fort Sumter, there had been one hope ever in his heart and one prayer daily offered—slavery had begotten the war now destroying our land, that slavery might perish by the war. To this conclusion he believed that Christian Conservatism had come, at a bound, the moment that slaveholders undertook in the interest of slavery to destroy the institutions of freedom. Events indicate such to have been and to be the conclusions of Divine Providence. Man proposes—God disposes.

The Cabinet in Washington came through many lessons of adversity to perceive that a military necessity required the exercise of justice and mercy toward an oppressed and down-trodden race.

And so at length the President put a tramp to his lips and has been preparing himself for three months to signalize the advent of 1863, by proclaiming liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof. He believed that thus, and thus only, could the rights of humanity be preserved, the nation saved, and Christian freedom maintained and perpetuated. It will be a year of jubilee.

The Atlantic will shout to the Mississippi, and the Alleghany to the Rocky Mountains, that the acceptable year of the Lord hath come.

—An officer in one of the colored regiments in Louisiana says in a recent letter: "You would be surprised at the progress the blacks make in drill, and in all the duties of a soldier. I find them better disposed to learn, and more orderly and cleanly, both in their persons and quarters, than the whites. Their fighting qualities have not yet been tested on a large scale, but I am satisfied that, knowing as they do that they will receive no quarter at the hands of the Rebels, they will fight to the death. As an old Democrat, I felt a little repugnance at having anything to do with negroes, but having got fairly over that, in the work, they are just as good tools to crush rebellion with as any that can be got."

There are three regiments in service; the first is composed of freemen, the second has some that are slaves, while the latter is composed almost wholly of the latter class. The headquarters of the first is at La Fourche Crossing, 52 miles from New-Orleans, guarding 36 miles of the Orléans Railroad. The second is between there and the city. The third is close by the first, working on sugar plantations.

John J. Walsh.

A commissioned officer who desires to be especially careful, will also require that the soldier first procure the approving signature of his sergeant-major, the officer, will sign it himself. On Christmas Day these orders are numerously given, and a day after, irregularities of the men are overlooked, the officer being either out of the way or being conveniently bind on that day. Should a man, however, become too outrageous, he must, as usual, take 24 hours in the Guard-House.

Drill, parade, and all duties that can be omitted, are relaxed and made as little irksome as possible. The regimental and brigade bands play favorite air for a number of hours both morning and evening, and as the soldier soon becomes passionately fond of music, however little he may have cared for it in his pre-army life, this open air concert is certainly the purer, and, in very many cases, is the greatest of the purer, and, in very many cases, is the greatest.

This whole country abounds in rabbits, and though the army has been here for some time, the little banded "gray-backs" are still found every day. When one of the frightened little fellows starts up and dashes off, instantly a hound and cry is started, and a dozen men or more take up the pursuit, and soon Mr. Rabbit dies the death. In many of our tents rabbit-hole was our Christmas dinner, and the branches of holly on our tents, combined with this somewhat better fare, served to remind us of the better day.

Along the river edges, where the Grayback and the Union pickets are within speaking distance, the Christmas greetings were frequent, and were as sincere, as fervent, and honest in many, in most cases, as if the men had been always neighbors, instead of foes for the few past hours, when the chances and requirements of barbarian war compelled them to exchange their compliments of the season, with musket in hand, and knife at belt.

And so we privates got through our Christmas day, the second one that some of us have spent in camp. God grant that there may be a third one like it. God send that long, long before another "merry Christmas" comes to us this war may be among the things that were, that this horrible dream may pass, and we all awake from this so sad and troubled sleep, never more to dream the like while the earth stands; that the world may gladly see us once again united, and ten times stronger in our newborn love than if that world had never mournfully beheld our quarrel; that South and North may stand shoulder to shoulder, hand joined in hand, true friends perhaps and stronger allies than if Antietam and Fredericksburg had never been; that the dark, dire curse of Slavery, our national sin, our national crime, for which we have been smitten so heavily, may be lifted from our national heart, its terrible influence cease to drag our national growth, spot our national honor, and stain our national flag—and we, a regenerated nation, stand pure and stalwart before Heaven and the Angels.

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